

Crows In Exile



Leilah Wendell

Cros In Exile

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Cover art- "Blue Mourning Revitalized" by Leilah Wendell

For Daniel....Forever.

The Rapture

My heavy heart, his leaden wings
 together
have the strength
 to lift many souls
from the shackles of this earthen prison
 to the halls of eternity.
 Into this arms
 as vast as time
come millions seeking but a kiss,
 a memory,
 a sweet ness thought forgotten,
rekindled on those cold, clay lips-
The rapture to which we all succumb,
 is Death.

Eros In Exile

by Khalah Wendell



Westgate Organs
New Orleans, La. U.S.A.



Deleaholy

We are the sound
that I am making in your mind.
The song played on the wind,
blowing softly through the cave of dream.

You touch the sound
and like a ripple, all is glistening.
This is how
a moment changes
all things
are intertwined and interbraiding
all time,
captures light just like a diamond
reflecting colour
from a crystal gaze.

We are the song
that echoes in your canyoned valleys,
plays upon your dancing branches,
fills your soul with such
a bitter-sweet.

This Song

I speak in sounds
because there are no words-
No language reveals
what we feel-
more than a whispered scream

I touch the sound
and cringe in its echo.
It is cold and hollow-
It is silent yet piercing-
It is a minstrel of divine discontent-
A lullaby sung to sleepers in their graves.
The shadow of a melody that I remember
from some distant life.

And this song has touched me
even here.
Stained me with an ancient weeping
and I recall that I am the silence
where this heart once was.
I occupy that hollow place-
That cave of winds
where whispers collect in the emptiness
and pierce the tenuous membrane
between body and spirit
and slay the soul
with such passionate melancholy.
This song

of ages past and times to come
is beyond the range
of human voice-
beyond the grasp
of human ear.

We are the minstrels of sorrow
who cannot stop singing
for fear that the quiet
would break the chain
of life and death.
We cannot stop the song
from carrying us all
along its swift, unending current.

We are a sadness
that is so old
it cannot remember its own birth.
We have been here for so long
that we have forgotten how
to return home-
or even where
that welcomed shore resides.

Sing, Oh, sing to me
that I might remember
the sound of this song without words-
This requiem that reminds me of home.
Even though it cannot be heard.
It devastates me still.

In Exile

I have not known flesh before,
nor left a footprint in your sand.
This garment is a fragile form
that's always dying in a storm.

I cannot ride a shooting star,
nor leash the lightning to my side.
No longer can I feel the kiss
of melancholy eventide.

Sealed inside this living clay,
my wings are bound by bone and blood,
even dreams will not release
nor fantasy afford some peace.

I am in exile in your world,
severed from god's darkling host,
here to teach the things I knew
so well when I was there with you!

Now, so distant from that shore,
I strain to hear your spectral voice
and understand the reason why
I must, on your behest, comply.

My memory unfolds some truth
and seals it in a paper cage
that anyone among you may

with gentle gaze, come steal away.

Like a phoenix rising from the dust,
all truth, as it is written, must
be cast into the fiery lake
and sleep till cleansing dreams awake.

Wake Up!

In this life I dream that I am awake.
No solitary image,
but a scope of time and space,
limited only by its transmutations,
and made infinite
because of them.
Nothing eternal lives forever...
in one form.
All life is made possible by death.

In this dying I dreamed that I had lived.
A multitude of incarnations
enfolding into one,
intangible silhouette.
A chrysalis to the whims of thought
and the winds of change.
In this dream, within a dream,
all worlds collapse into a pinpoint
with multitude facets.
Each overlaps and mirrors the other,
creating the whole.
And it is here I am imprisoned
in a diamond
where all of the facets are mirrors,
and all of the mirrors are liquid.
Each time a choice is made,
we dive into reflections.
Every ripple

touches and disturbs each image.
Each image
creates a new facet.
Each facet
becomes a doorway
that we can pass through
unbeknownst to ourselves.
And each doorway
represents the progression of our path
and of our purpose.
Each, a world unto its own,
both created and destroyed
when the dreamer wakes.

R.I.P.

Nothing like this dream-
The space of time
and span of days

Life is nothing
like this dream-
This wallowing in tedium
and drinking of mediocrity

We strive to become
what we once were-
Struggle to remember... Try to forget

Try as we may
we cannot escape
the cycle of half-life-
The spiral of Eternity
leads to but a moment
when the Infinite blinks
and Time collapses...

Then, we can rest.

"Objects in the Mirror are Closer Than They Appear"

Night's splendours on vast, obsidian seas,
distant, flickering and so far away-
The hearth-light draws me with its warmth
to my home beyond this cage of clay.

Like a wayward moth, drawn to the flame,
I rise and soar to greet her light
and beg the winds add to my loft,
yea, tho' she is beyond my flight.

For I grow weary from the strain
of spanning distance- time and space
with wings that have been clipped and bound
to fall into your jewelled embrace-

To lift your veils, a thousand-fold,
I must be free to soar as high.
To reach your lips and catch your tears
and see your form personify....

The dance, must for a moment, cease
and every star fall from the sky,
each ember, a facet of your form-
consumes me where I lie.

A Diamond in a Cage of Shadows

Speak to me
with your voice
that has no sound-
Tho' your words move mountains
they do not disturb the allneg-
They do not penetrate the conscious mind.

Your tales
are woven into dreams-
capturing sleepers
in webs of shadow-
entangling them
forever tethered in your thoughts-
Interlocked within your repture-
a prisoner of destiny-
A diamond in a cage of shadows.

Hear me
with your ears
that are deaf to spoken tongues.
You understand
only the language of the soul-
the speech of the heart-
the sound of emotion
is like music
in your hollow ears.

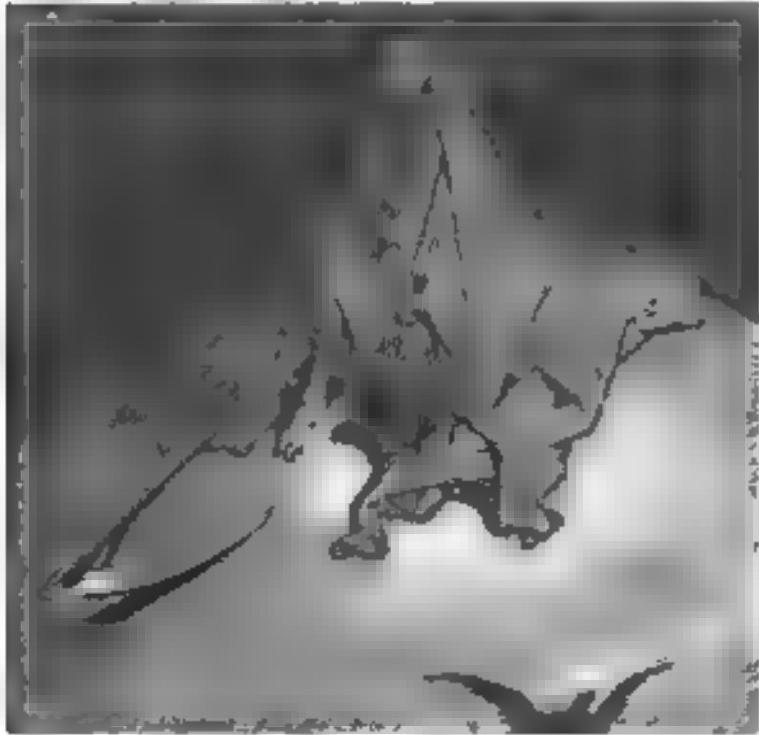
See me
with your eyes

that have no sight.
Yet within their deepest black
lie the visions
of all time-
and of all places.
For they are like
two black vortexes
drawing all life and light into them,
Slowly emptying the universe
and filling up your vision
until everything
is contained within them.
Your tears of light-
the afterglow
of what has been.

Touch me
with your hands
that have no form.
Yet your arms lift millions from their worlds-
and your wings
create a billowing
that releases seas
to swallow worlds.

Kiss me
with your lips
that cannot taste the sweetness of my love-
and I will kiss you back
so that you might know the flavour of that desire.

I am your empath-
to feel and express
what you cannot
and to touch others
with your melancholy.
We are so old-
so solitary-
so wrapt in twilight ecstasy
that few can see our tears.
They are like diamonds
in a cage of shadows.
You cannot look upon them
without being contaminated in their reflection.



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A Silent Sound: (Eros Writes of Thanatos)

A silent sound
is the one my lover makes
when he comes alive.
A yearning expressed
but not heard
falls from his image
in tears that dissipate into fragile light
his touch is like an electric wind
charging the edges of my soul.
His kiss is a breathless cold
that inhales life
and exhales the perfume of the crypt.
I am the living part of Death,
a delicate balancing of two worlds.
A precarious entity
with a foothold in many dimensions
and a wingspan that stretches
from shore to shore.

A silent sound
is all that most will hear
of our cry.
An unending
will be the only remnant of our madness.
The only evidence of our love
be found in trails of nightmare
few will chase.

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My lover is a gentle fury
who embraces with a storm
and stings souls with a touch of his hand
that pierces like a lightning bolt!
the truth is absolute,
this kiss, irrevocable.

A silent sound speaks
of a love expressed
so beyond human understanding
it cannot be heard.
So difficult a language
that it cannot be translated.
So veiled in melancholy
that it cannot be recognized
by any but the Great Spirit
and certain guard ones of the Gates.
I am the living part of Death,
and though I haven't the power,
I do have this understanding—
and sometimes—the vision
find I can hear the sound
that falls from silent lips,
and I answer with a kiss.

Prayer to Elzrael

In the shadow voice
I speak your name,
Elzrael...
through the darkness of the humid night,
it resonates
in cathedral carillons,
tolling, like some great, deep bell
heard for miles afar,
fallen on the swell of the wind,
this symphony,
mighty in sorrow
carried on huge, dark and silent wings,
obliterating all light,
extinguishing every flame
that strives to survive your immense unfurling.

Your name, an attribute, a mortal gift,
a blessing passed through many lips
and given meaning in their prayers.

A word
becomes an invocation
simply by the emotion
infused in its speaking,
Elzrael...

The sirens sing your name
in ways that bring the angels
and the demons to their knees.
They cannot help that they have fallen.

Your name stills the heart,
silences their breath,
calls the flame of longing from their loins.

Azrael—

the name is love
and ever fleeting is that kiss,
that eternity could be so quick,
so demonstrative in but a moment
where time does not exist
and forever
becomes the blink of an eye,
yet so much longer
than these days.
We speak your name,
and like them, fall,
weak-kneed into your cold, cold arms
just waiting for that kiss,
however fleeting it may seem,
it is longer than our days
and fuller than our nights
and so much stronger than our dreams profess,
and so much sweeter when life is willing
to surrender to this song

When He Comes

He comes not like a thief in the night,
nor descends on steaming bladed wings.
No malice has he toward the fearing soul
No anger spits from his still, cold lips.
He comes as the gentle whisper of winter wind,
or the quick ecstasy of the lightning bolt
immediate yet lingering as if embraced
by a darkling shadow or a twighlight shade.
He is not the wielder of the killing blade.

The River of Death teems not with blood,
nor the tears of selfish grief.
No lost souls are there adrift upon the current,
only lich-lights remain to mark each journey.
Silent ripples on the deep, dark waters
that gently kiss invisible shores.

He is not the barrenness of bones,
nor the stagnance of a winter pool.
He is the fullness of an autumn bouquet
and that which runs ripe in the misty bog.
He is the free acceptance of primordial change
where no conditions stem the cycle,
where no tears float like heavy oils
on the surface of such crystal waters.

He is the twilight forever bounded
by the two extremes of day and night

He is the moment wherein all things do change-
The stoppage of time and elimination of space
between all that was and all that is,
and all that shall be, is a stationary point
that contains all times at once
and all space on a narrow bridge,
where everything culminates in a "winking out"-
a moment of darkness
wherin all reality is contained
and all illusion cast aside.

Death is the dream come to flesh
only to shed the veil of sleep
and reveal the naked form of Truth
reclining peacefully and shaded by life's softest glow.

When He comes, all of man's truths shall shatter
and the thin icy skin afloat on the waters
shall crack from the weight of a single soul.

In My Fallen Hours

In my fallen hours,
I paint the ultimate abyss-
a place of dreams and shadows
where hearts tumble like dead wood into the raving.
The raving is a cool and pleasing place
because it is solitary, devoid of humanity,
expatriot of Faith.
It is a place of creation...
via destruction,
a no-man's land,
where man is unfit to travel
because he cannot traverse the lanes
too narrow for passage,
too lofty for flight on such wings of atrophy.
The abyss swallows the little man,
ill prepared for the journey,
too light for the winds...
too heavy to be aloft within them.
Mankind is burdened by their bulk...
but, better mankind is burdened
by their illusion of matter
The concept of earth weighs them down;
lathers them to dark direction...
the narrow path, the gilded road,
is all illusion in the end.
For, in the end is the sweetness of sweet surrender
to the knowing that all has passed,
and form has devolved into pure thought.

and thought has succumb to pure logic,
and logic has fallen victim to love...
and love survives am dat the brambles of life and
Death.

And Love becomes the ultimate killer,
and Death becomes the ultimate lover...

And what better lover is there
than one whom you are consumed by totally
and who consumes you?



And Nothing of Time

and when he touched me, my heart became a
shadow,

My life, an overreaching of my soul,
An elongated image of a very small design
that the twilight somehow enlightened
into imaginary stridga.

But, when he touched me, and I regained
perspective,

my life was so much smaller than it seemed,
so much less imposing than the shadow it had cast—
so much more a part of memory.

Then he touched me, and I forgot all I once was,
for all I am, where the view from the bridge
has no perspective other than the limned ale moment
in which & contained all of eternity
and nothing of time.

Lost & Found

I am being lost unto the union of our souls.
The fabric of my thoughts
unraveled like an intricate loom,
fraying at the edges of sanity.

am drowning in the deadly sweetness of our love.
Beneath its surface I can see,
but not touch
the part of me
that is left behind.

My purpose is the anchor
that holds me to this world,
and my flesh, the fragile vessel
in which I travel through the sea of humanity.

I have outgrown my ship
and part of me has escaped into its sails
that unfurl into magnificent, black wings.

The wind beneath them,
and the moonlight searing their edges
with a blue and silver flame
makes me feel
like an electric phoenix
that draws its life from the lightning.

But I am not as I once was.
We have evolved into some sort of hybrid.
My mind absorbed into an entity

that cannot express its thoughts in words,
and so, my tongue cannot formulate the sounds
that describe my meaning.

This language betrays the mood of the moment.
I search

in the eyes of others
for the reflection of my true soul,
for no glass can see beneath this opaque mask.

I yearn to strip it all away!
To free my wings from this cramped casing,

To breathe in,
one last time,

and exhale my spirit into the night air,
and watch it return
to its true form...

I am lost
for only a few moments
as our souls align.
But I am found forever
in the union that they create.

Whispers

Something stirring, in the dark
Something distant, cold, alone,
There in pale mist of memory,
The melancholic shadows bow
and stretch their withered limbs around
the Earth.
Sunken eyes look up from shallow mud;
gravebed left unmade; winding sheets billow
in the breath of beckoning;
a voice! Inaudible, yet understood,
ley hand, clutching at the dust,
shadows rise, and are quick to enfold me:
I wear them like a cloak.

Metamorphosis

In my dreams
there are a million people shouting
and their screams
call out an anguish
so divine
that angels weep,
their tears like fragile gems
and frozen memories
that we keep
safe behind the walls of sleep.

It is where
the shadows grow,
embracing amber afterglow,
where lesser angels faint away,
not nearly strong enough are they
to face the frozen flame
that lies so deep within
the spectral eyes.

In my dreams,
I live a nightmare
so surreal
that everything I think
is real
is not.

In this vision
I am caged
within a warm, elastic cell,
a tenuous and fragile hell
wherefrom I cannot fly.
My wings, a phantom in my mind
do not exist
among this kind.

It is when
the shadows grow,
my arms extended upward show
an image of my imprisoned soul
shadowed in the afterglow.

There I am
transformed and made
a chrysalis,
a part of both,
yet whole of neither
this nor that world.

In my dreams
I stretch
across the narrow river
bridging Time and Space,
my wings bordering each place
I touch
becomes part of the other.
It is how
we are transfigured.

It is why
the metamorphosis
is as striking
or as subtle
as an angel whispering on the wind.



Stone Engel

Death surround me, take me in.
I need the shelter you provide
to hide my melancholy. I seek the solemn joys that
once
were kindled in the jasmine flame:
The bloodied wing; The stain
of red on whitened lips.
My home is where acolytes dance
and whisper in angelic tongues.
Soft shadows pass at the mossy stone
and hide beneath the ivy.
When no place on this man's Earth
is home, I come home
to the places no man goes
and seek the silent sentinel,
alone winged and open hand,
given spectral life in the twilight.
She moves and welcomes
and sometimes cries for those
who cannot comprehend her watch.
The Keeper of the Silent Secret.
A hush more loud than death.
More solemn are her marble eyes,
more joyous is her message.
Look hard, and we are one,
alone, fading into night.
We draw in our welcome

only to those that reside
within the house of Death
and the keeper thereof,
who drapes his velvet dark
over her cold weathered form
so that the stars won't see
the stark, white beauty she is.
Would if she could
fly off with him,
her massive wings thundering
in the wind.
His darkness flowing around her,
The first light of dawn
framing their flight.
The scarlet and amber, eerie and cool
peers into those forsaken corners
where she once reigned
and finds a marble ghost;
An empty shell remains.
Would only if she could
flee her stoic watch.
Would only if we could.

Heavy Halos

I hear my angel weeping-
somewhere in the still of the night,
somewhere out of human sight.
In his sad despair he keeping
this only weakness to himself.

Never should this world bear witness-
to the depths of his private sorrow,
to the moments of the long tomorrow.
The forever he must share
with Time and Memory beside him.

And in the loneliness of angels-
he counts the years, as we do, hours,
beside the river where the jasmine flowers,
dark and fragrant in the shallows gloom-
tis stands expressionless, silent, and solemn.

Yet, I know that Death is weeping.
His anguish wakes me from my sleeping.
Tears of light, like cold rain fall
upon my heart, upon my soul.

Give me your pain and heavy heart.
Let me drink it in with greater thirst
until all that I am is immersed

in the sweet melancholy of your soul.
Only then, am I bathed in your love.
Only then, do you make me whole.

I wear your grief as an awkward crown.
A glorious yet mournful veil
that is both lace, and iron made.
Its weight is like a heavy halo,
an overcasting within our spirit
that requires more than my flesh can give
to sustain this duality whilst we live.

And yet, forever in this dark romance-
our souls tethered and interlaced
through all the living we have faced,
through all the dying we've embraced,
has deepened both the joy and sorrow
to a level where they both must meet.

Within the mesh of cosmic weaving-
there are strands we have unraveled,
uncharted crossroads we have traveled
in the search for one another.

Still, I know my love is weeping.
I cry the tears that she was keeping
locked away in secret silence
behind the truth this strength conceals-
so much bittersweet.

As One, and yet still so divided.
We cannot touch, we are too far.
We cannot see, we are too close-
We are within each other sleeping.
One soul inside the other weeping.

Yet, our passion, like an eternal flame-
flickers in the darkness of the crypt,
warms the sleepers in shadows gripped
and glistens on the sinew of cobweb veils.

We are created by their dreaming,
Thought-forms with faint auras beaming!

Oh, how sweet is your breathless kiss-
like a cold, alone angel on a moonlit night.
Ever so silent, your pale lips invite
a seduction that cannot be expressed
in human terms.

Your velvet pall comes over me-
like a storm cloud out of the blue,
your lamplike wings are in my view-
casting shadows that blanket the earth
in a cool and eerie twilight.

And yet, I hear my angel weeping-
somewhere deep within its fold.
between the days and nights that hold-
twilight up, like two tall pillars

with an eclipse for its crown,
And in your tears, let me drown
these sorrows that we both do share.
And wash away this sweet despair.
And flood you with eternal love.
I give all that I am to you-
in this, our final rendezvous.

We shall meet where Life and Death-
come together in a kiss.
Our spirits merge in erosia
and spread these half formed wings
around a world that weeps in turn
for reasons they can't quite discern.
Between the veil of tears they wear,
They see not clear enough to care.

Yet I tell you, Death is weeping-
somewhere deep within the night,
somewhere out of human sight.
A side the shallows of this stream,
His tears disturb the stillness there
with ripples touching everywhere.
From shore to shore and sea to sea-
I reach across to you, and yet,
it is as if your silhouette
is all that's left for me to hold.
I cannot loose it from the fold
of time and space.

This anguish wakes me from my sleeping.
The tears of night, like jewels I'm keeping,
as mementos of both joy and sorrow
until He calls me home tomorrow.



34

G.Sig

I can hear all the voices
and they are saying-
Look not into what stirs you straight on-
for it looks only into shadow
and it is a reflection
of what is to come.

I am at a gentle distance
and you are its center.
You revolve so that you can follow
the line of my thoughts
I am moving so fast
that you only see me
as a stationary point-
Yet I explode
and you close your eyes.

35

Quanga

I shall be forgotten,
given to the whims and winds of change,
swallowed in time.
Adrift upon the ever changing sea.
All that we know,
and feel,
and cherish
shall be compacted into seeds
and cast upon the infinite tides of space.
Our loves, our hopes, our dreams-
Falling embers of what we were,
Dissolving in the still sea...
A sea of tears and memories
that can never reconnect
emotion and reason...
sensation and response...
with no limbs
with which to embrace the winds of change,
how can we ever hope to be complete?

This is the cry of a generation.
The whimper of a race
straddling the cosmic scythe.
There is a kind of unease,
A dissonance between the veils,
A shuddering...
and a sigh.
A sense of the Impending Moment.

crashing down like thunder,
sweeping up like wind.

Do you feel it?

If not, you must be truly dead.
Dead to the collective soul.

Nerve endings cauterized
by constant exposure to the mediocrity
of what we have created.
Look around you!

Do your eyes not burn with visions?

When something strikes deep,
does your mind not desensitize the heart
and keep it numb of reaction?
What are you protecting yourself from?

"They have forgotten how to feel,
because they do not remember.

When they drown in the sea
of their own tears and blood
they shall forget their humanity,
and remember what they are...
shadows pressed in the folds of time,

and we are the ghosts
that haunt their world.
We are the memories,
the dreams unattained.
We are what they may become...
in time.

Ballad of The New Neon

Ours is the age of the withered bloom,
 Of leaves that crackle underfoot.
 Of harvests dark and twilit streams.
We dance amidst the veiled extremes
 of Living Death and Dying Life,
no boundaries between them cast.
Shade and spectre, hand in hand,
 cling to grains of shifting sand
within the gloss where time is fleet,
no shadows rise to greet the dawn,
no spectres sleep in this dark wood
 where solitary sorrow stood
tall against the winds of change,
enrobed in veils of ice and mist,
with heart in hand, he kissed the wind
and tore away his plume, once pinned
by nail and shackle, robe and bone,
 his agony, endured, alone.
Once free, he leapt into the sky...
 on half a wing and nothing more,
though grains of sand he'd tucked way
could not keep sweet Death at bay.
 The eidolon of sorrow fell;
 A shooting star against the night,
 A cool, blue tail of afterglow
trailed his descent far below.
 Into the waters, still and deep,
the flaming phoenix embers rained.

In silent and majestic grace,
Sorrow drowned without a trace.

A single ripple, low and soft
fanned out to the distant shore,
where stars are dark, and shadows bright,
 where Time and Space as one unite
to weave a bridge between both worlds,
 A tethering of great expense
 Twixt the living and the dead,
is tangled in a single thread.
No thicker than a spider's silk,
it spans the river, deep and dark
where sorrow fell, on half a wing
and children of the dead still sing
 their lullabies of Living Death,
and Dying Life, they keep their watch
 so solemnly on either shore
for the eidolon they adore...

Sweet sorrow, let our song invoke
with tears beside your watery grave.
We've gathered feathers, bone and vine
and hoist you from that cold decline
to mend your wings, and sew your veil
and bear you to your desolate throne
 in the Valley of Eternal Shade
 where Maged lists in serenade.

Ours is the age of the withered bloom.

Of leaves that crackle underfoot,
Of harvests dark, and swollen streams...
of blood, of tears, of tortured dreams
of living Death, and Dying life,
of rapture on the cold, sharp knife.

The song of our sweet idolon
still harkens from the gloaming yon
to souls asleep in sorrow's tomb
enwrapped in bone and vine and plume
and pregnant with the dreams of gloom!



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Delancholy Kiss

I have been waiting here
for so long
for a ship
that is lost at sea
or has run aground
within some stormy gale.

I cannot see beyond the haze
that distorts
your shadow
as it rises up
and over the horizon.
I stand at the edge
of a dreary cliff.
The cool water
lapping at my feet,
the wind blowing through
my dying soul
like a breeze
through a hollow tree.

I have been waiting here
forever, it seems,
a thousand lifetimes
have I come
back to this place,
this familiar precipice,
this immeasurable expanse

41

that I cannot bridge
simply by dying.

Oh, no- It is far more difficult
than that
Far more complex
than a simple footfall,
or the push of a hand.

I cannot see beyond the veil
my tears often weave.
Their crystal patterns
and kaleidoscope colours
make it hard
to spot the shadow
of your sails,
like dark wings
billowing in the winds of time.

I have been waiting here,
in this place
where Time and Space
hold us captive
to some ancient will,
some purpose
that a thousand lifetimes
must fulfill-

I understand
in fleeting moments,

but they do not always ease my pain.

They are never
quite enough
to wipe away
the veil of tears
I have been wearing
all these years
waiting for your melancholy kiss.



Ghosts

Running to, running from.
It's a shadow that is chasing
celestial footsteps in the snow.
A voice within the undertow
is screaming truths, inaudible.
My eyes are full of yesterday,
a future that the dream betrays
unfolds in time-lapse at my feet.
A thousand ghosts recall my soul
but still their song cannot console
the sorrow of once knowing Truth
concealed behind a veil of lies
as if our god had closed his eyes
when I was searching in the dark
for some faint light, enough to see
if any sign was left for me.

Running to, running from.
What ghost have I become?
What emptiness proceeds from me?
What shallow joys I quick consume.
What life surrenders, I exhume.
This spirit you have given life
Is more lost now than ever could
be lost if it were understood!
Beneath the darkness seek the day!
Haunt the twilight! stalk the dawn!
Confusion reigns, while peace withdrawn

mocks me in its own cruel way.

What is it weary travelers seek?
A sleep enshrouding some mystique?
"Perchance to dream, ay! There's the rub!"
"To be or not to be" or what
to be what we are not!

Running to, running from—
In His shadow, I've become
both blinded and embraced the same
by this darkness and His flame!
Like a moth, I'm drawn within
the brilliance of this fatal spark.
The everlight within the dark
does not reveal itself to me,
nor serve to guide, as it once did.
Such needed hopes, The Search forbid.

If ghost I am, then why can't I
perceive beyond the moment's thrust,
adjourn this sadness for god's trust.
Recalling what I dearly know
to be The Truth that spawned The Dream
and all else in this life blaspheme
the essence on which Faith is fed
that only serves to martyr those
whose purpose is divinely chose.

Running to, running from,
It's a shadow that is chasing
ghosts of yesterday's embracing.
Subtleties and whispered legends
that existed for the guiding
evening star the way was providing.

Nebalgil I sing your name!
Inspire me! I own your soul!
Oh, spin the wheel and navigate
this plasmic vessel to its "birth"
To some shore where the flyads sing,
where Twylig flew on half a wing.
Where flamelyst and lampblack play
their fugue upon the torot's keys
while ghosts rekindle memories
of things they saw inside my soul.
The subtle footsteps in the snow.
The magic of the afterglow.
The places no men ever go.
The voice within the undertow;

Running to, running from.
I try so very hard to come
back in time, before my birth
outcast my spirit on this earth.
I am a ghost of what has been.
Déjà vu in endless repeat.
Find what will come is bitter-sweet
For I have also been before.

I haunt you with these words and more!
And with these eyes that paint the words
in coloured shadows on your soul
until your heart can feel my goal
and keep it like a sacred trust,
a cosmic consciousness of Truth,
explained in age, explored in youth.

The measure of our astral years
and not the wearing of our flesh,
which nothing can from death a-fresh.

This Divine Purpose must be served!
It is a truth too old to change.
A Faith which I must ne'er rearrange,
A course by which to teach and learn,
and sacrifice much in return

A challenge and a balancing
that tests the many and the few
to sort the lies from what is True,
to accept the things they cannot change
and hear the ancient voices fall
and follow what you can recall
from some fleeting dream, it comes to you,
bits and pieces of an elder life
that splits your soul with a fiery knife!
You know, you must become a ghost
and haunt the corners of your mind
if peace you ever hope to find
among the tatters of your years

that now lie scattered at your feet.
Your soul stands naked, incomplete.
Take up the cloak of darkest night!
The torch of Faith be at your stead.
Receive your purpose! Forge ahead!

We're ghosts of what we shall become.
Just shadows, running to and from.



Life Behind the Mask (For New Orleans)

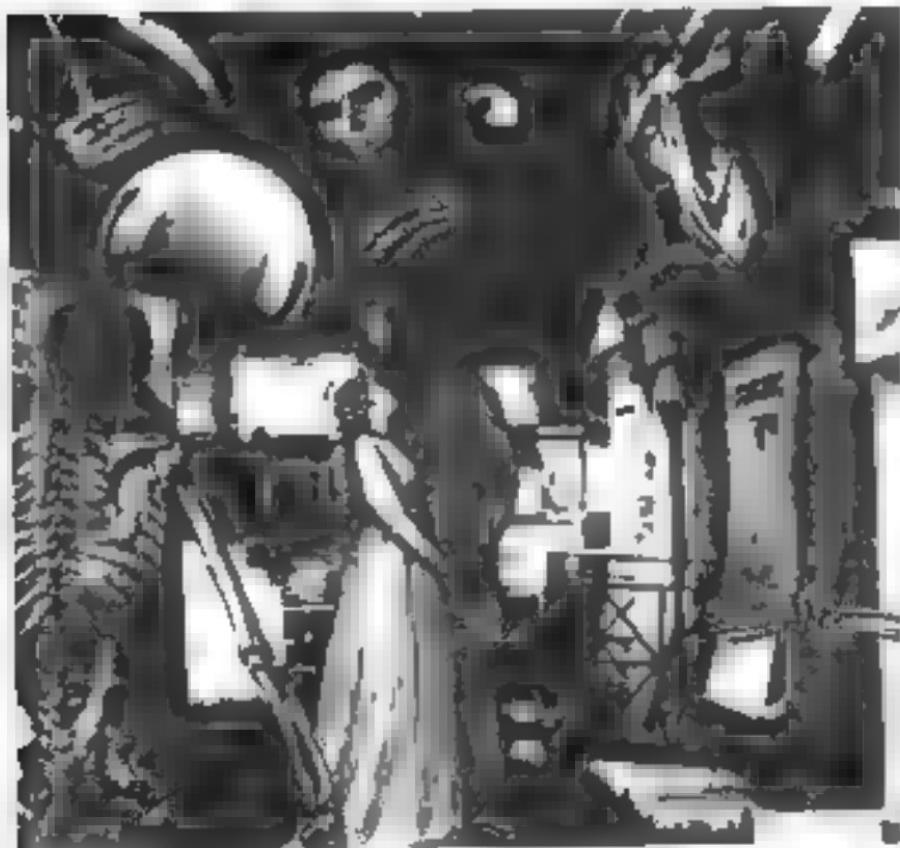
I am here because this world
has called me
up from its shallow womb.
I cannot open my eyes.
They are still covered over
with black earth-
The weight of which
is too heavy to simply brush away
as one would
a stray tear.

I cannot look at you
for fear that you might see me
without the comfort of this mask of clay
that will not crack and fall away.
Too many tears keep it life-like
and compleatent-
but I am neither.

There are elementals in my keep-
Harlequins and chameleons
that council me with dual thought
and bind the mask so tightly
to my soul
that I cannot shake it,
nor them.
Methinks then that this be

some form of protection-
against what,
and from whom
even we cannot discern.

The mask is one of sorrow-
shielding sorrow-
yielding madness trapped
without a voice with which to scream.



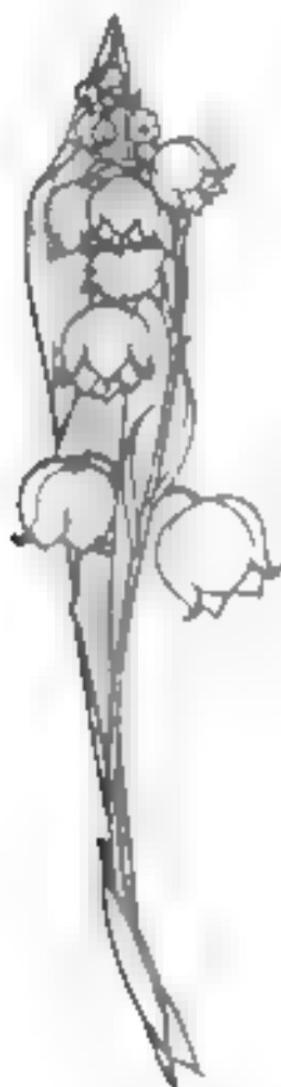
In My Fallen Hours (Part 2)

In my fallen hours,
I have risen to accommodate the need,
the hunger for completion, the thirst for memory,
the actualization of Purpose—
the abyss of Faith,
that which swallows you, and you become a part of
That Great Being that you have created,
and in turn, it has created you.
That which is bounded outside the flesh,
yet you try to constrain within.
Something larger than can be contained
in one of these smaller vessels,
a thing so absolute, so finite,
yet so enormous that comprehension blinks.
Some call it God, and claim that it listens.
I call it Memory, and know that it hears.
A distinct and forbearing shadow that trails us
like light feeds the mist
into pathways that define darkness from dawn
and merge that which mankind strives to separate
That which can never be separated.
For it has been, shall forever continue to be One.

In my fallen hours,
I have been aloft above the fields of suffering
melancholy.
I can watch the seedlings shivering in the moonlight.

striving to unfold, to take on some semblance of
beauty.

To flap their little leaves as if they were wings.
Even the flowers desiring to rise above their tether to
earth.



H. Dohm More Ancient

Must I wait forever
beside the silent river
reflecting only memories
and dreams of some forsaken distance.

Must I be martyr
to the changes
and heartaches of time,
knowing no certainty,
owing no doubt,
forgiven by none?

Surly in this vast consciousness,
this great universal trust,
some measure of hope remains
to be followed.

Understand a deeper purpose
that flesh cannot bind
nor blood erase
the original truth
to which I am pledged.

As are you,
to your own be bound
and not sacrificed
for the sake of the familiar

Forever is too long to wait
and life, too short to ponder.
These things, which are like magnets
draw constant on the soul,
calling us homeward.

We must respond,
out of an older bond than flesh,
if only to touch the ghost
of that which awaits.
It is still closer
than the ancient dream
that spurred us on
in this solemn search.

If time cannot wait,
nor can I
be consumed by it,
nor assume it will stop and wait for me
when I cannot stop for it
without losing my purpose
along the way
and all that I have
suffered & thousand lifetimes for
be sacrificed
for a few brief moments
on a dying star.

We all have a greater trust
to gather and follow

a path more ancient and worthy
than that given us
by one brief life.

We cannot assume another's path
nor stand in each other's light,
nor hold on so tightly
as to suffocate the love
we try so dearly to preserve.

We cannot afford to look away,
nor shield our hearts
from the calling
that reaches us all,
some sooner, some later,
some, unfortunately, never,
for they are truly, the forsaken.

We must answer
or our own lives be wasted,
without purpose fulfilled,
without faith, unknown,
shadowed by the certainty
of divine failure
for not using the wisdom
gained through understanding.

Be not martyr
to the changes
that are far older

and more necessary
than one life's comprehension
can afford to offer.

Be assured, however,
in your own purpose
which is only found
by answering the call
of your own special troth.

Do not wait forever
beside the silent river
where memories are nothing but ripples
drifting toward the distance
of an opposing shore.

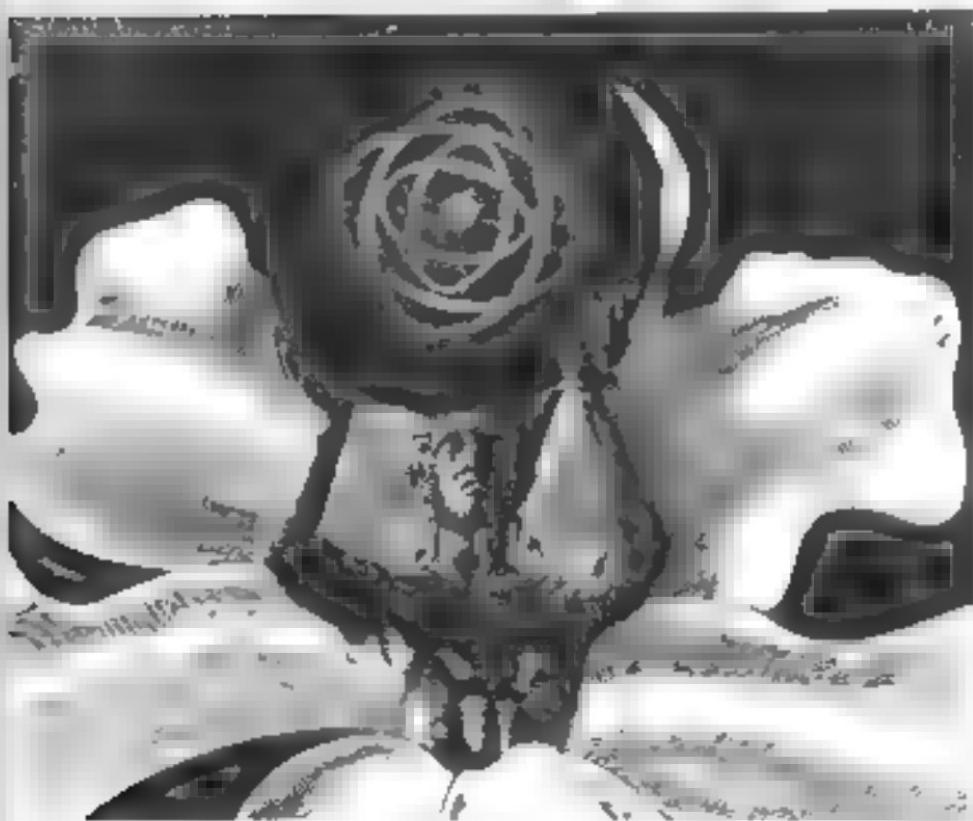
Understand a deeper purpose
that flesh will not endure
nor blood bind.

The original troth
to which you are pledged
will meet you only
half-way.

Cosmic Muse

Time unfolds in shadows.
Each moment cast upon the next
in an infinite overlapping.

Set in motion,
it is continuance,
sailing on a sea
of endless space
that forms a circle
around all things.



Shadow in the Half-Light

There is only half-light now where legends once were cast.

Where two shores overlapped and time lay
Interbraiding
many folds revealing facets, each from futures passing.

Our time was between the changing, magic stillness
chanting, chanting shadows summoned from a
twilight sleep.

stretching dark limbs in the half-light, those tall
spectres

falling into the gentle arms of silent tombs,
they would drape their naked spirits there reclining
heads against a cool pillow of marble and moss
receiving a strange warmth from an alien sun
Time and Space bend in their presence; These losty
kings

presiding over their half-lit keep of bittersweet.
Many beds lie empty and many more rest not in
peace

but in a kind of sad anticipation,
a restlessness of want and silent torment
constantly reminding that the well is running dry
and memories will no more replenish nor fantasy
abide.

This shadow in the half-light of a greater truth



sees only the afterglow and never the flame.
This ghost casts no reflection in closed eyes,
yet these tears easily stain the stone cheek of Death.
For he also is betrayed by a half-told legend
laid out like a wrinkled shroud, its pattern partly
hidden

in a fold, not unlike that of time and space
where many lost souls and secret meanings slip
unnoticed.

These proud and empty thrones are mine! The
gardens mine as well!

Till have swayed in the winds of change,
even the deepest sleepers there awokened and moved
on.

They leave no dreams upon their pillows,
nothing they impart, nor ripples from their passing
ship

slipping quietly into a tale twice told
returns full circle in a dream we hold
in silhouette against the half-light, it is an empty
vessel,

a dark hole in the memory of a final scene.
This cut-out in the landscape where nothing since
has grown,
where some silent sidoton lies in veiled abeyance.

What kiss would reanimate this dead lover?
What omnipotent words be cast like spells of magic

speaking tongues of ancient angels splendidorous
voice

to conjure lost images from strings of transliterated
words.

In many mansions have I a guest been laid to rest
beside such lungs that even divine eyes dare not
meet.

Those days still bittersweet; more shadows in the
half-light,

haunted melodramas played out between the space
of moments
marked with a
tolling...muffled...neatled...distant...solemn.

Legend has it that a shadow in the half-light walked
here once,

clothed in nothing more than memories of future
passed

backdropped by a faint guitar and blackbirds
singling:

spirits dancing, spectres weeping, others sleeping.
Keeping the legend alive in dreaming and impressing
the dream

into the fold of Space/Time...we are returning
to each other in the twilight of a new age

where a shadow once in half-light is now illuminated
by the counterpoint stars of two worlds...it seems
we are always entangled in each other's dreams,
and our time together between the changing
magic stillness, still be waning

but what has fallen through the crack of Time
lands safely on eternal shores.
and what has been will be again more brilliant
in the full light lit, your many folds revealing facets
each from future's passing.



Musings

No wings have I
Save for those thoughts
Aloft in memory

How easily then
Were visions
Given to pinion
Far above this dream

From which I shall awaken
Yesterday into tomorrow
And cast off this heavy cloak
That imprisons the moment

End-Time Fragments

It all grows vague and unremembered,
a silhouette against the dawn.
I awake caressing vapors
and the velvet of my bed.
The shelter of your gentle embrace
invaded by the sound of life,
as the world awakes without you
and you sigh into retreat.
Like the liquid darkness
that precedes the dawn,
He bleeds,
and falls away.
Back into shadow,
Sallow vision of dark wings
descending into the distant horizon.
I watch
as He is lifted by the outer gales
and carried back
into the stillness of the storm's eye.

Our time is passing
into that which was.
A stillness waits to be assembled here,
There, in the eye of the whirlpool,
& whisper commands to be heard.
A voice that is resolute,
deep and penetrating:
I am so tired..

So very tired of the journey.
I am so tangled
in the phantom threads of time.
So weakened
by the rolling out of road,
and the endlessness of the moment.

My life is vague and unremembered.
Images, dissolving into a grey haze.
Dry and brittle still-lives that break away—
Shards of what I was.
Diffuse thoughtforms
encode in dust,
then trill away
on the distant wind.
I can only remember the end-times.
For that is always where it seems to begin.
When one life is shed
for the robes of another.
Whatever afterglow of memory remains
explodes like a dying star,
raining embers
down over the dark waters
of infinite possibilities.
Each glowing shard rearranged
and coalesced by a series of ripples:
The cycles of change
that carry us to and fro.
Between shores more remote with each journey,
Our essence is stretched

into a tenuous veil...
Diffuse, carefree and infinite...
for the moment, at least



This is not Paradise.

Birth is neither miraculous nor divine.
The assuming of flesh is not a "blessed event"
Birth is the rending of spiritual union.
 The painful descent into duality.
The sensation of being "pinched" to the point of suffocation.
 The striking realization that we can no longer extend ourselves
to touch the spans of time and bridges of space
Only a spark of one's True Self is ever delivered
 into this world.
It's no wonder that we emerge walling and screaming!
Why is it that no one questions the cries of the newborn?
It is because of the pieces of precarious memory
 that we issue forth into this world with a banshee's cry.
The horror of being cleaved in two carries the walling from one world, into the next.
 If this were an empathic world,
we would know what the newborn is feeling.
 We would, ourselves, remember
 But, no ... this is an expressive world.
One in which we must elicit our feelings with cold impersonal sounds.
Thus, the newborn speaks its agony
 in the way of its new world.

A person of screams appropriate to the emotion.
As time passes, whatever trace memory remains
is slowly washed away by new thoughts;
 The bright, shining images of a colourful dimension.

The old senses are deprived by the overloading of new sensations.

Eventually, we adapt to our limited prison and learn how to work within its narrow confines.
Before long, almost all prebirth recollection is either deeply suppressed and locked away, or simply lost forever to the new persona.

Isn't it ironic though,
 that we spend the rest of our little lives
struggling to remember
and striving after who and what we are and what "IT's" all about.

We are all trying to ignite an inferno from that one, single spark that trailed us.
We are all straining for enough "light" to find our way back home.
We all know that THIS is NOT that place.

The Hungry Road of Dealing

The Road traverses once again,
and I am caught amidst the brambles
of lives decaying all around me...
I close my eyes...the road still rambles.

Past quaint visages of amber grey
and dawnlight balbed in misty green.
These ancient days, not long ago,
seem so resolute, so pristine

To all the chaos I have seen,
bare witness to in failing light-
The sweet surrender of human nature
To the ever constant ecolysis...

We call hope, into our grieving state
and drown soliloquies in tears,
quite aware that we are dreaming,
and have been for countless years.

And all the while we carry on,
proclaiming Purpose at our stead,
when all the while, in secret hours,
we resurrect the living dead.

Cold memories to stir our sleeping,
figments of the past unfold.
We drag them out onto a stage
they are too large to hold.

They have become like eidolon,
a massive fortress in our head.
We cannot bear to bury them,
so we take them to our bed.

Our bed becomes the universe,
so much space, yet so alone.
We toss and turn and never sleep;
Our garden is so overgrown...

With weeds, and shadows,
lust for life, and so
we wallow in this keeping
of a harvest, never reaping
any flowers, and seeds...
stray thoughts are cast like weeds
upon the failing winter wind:
The road retraces once again
the beaten path, the riverbed
lies hungry for you up ahead.

Beware that it may swallow you!
Tread lightly midst the field of dreams,
and feed it with your memories;
Sweet whispers morphing into screams!

I am here! find I am now
Remember me as you return
into that which you are keeping;

Barren harvest, never reaping
and flowers, any seeds-
The hungry road is paved with needs
never wholly satisfied
until the need itself has died,
has given up the glowing ghost,
envisioned in its purest form
is nothing more than sanctuary
from the future's coming storm...

The road traverses once again,
and I am cast like stone to sea,
a sacrifice unto the moment
that feeds into Destiny

Blue Angel

When the Blue Angel speaks,
it is with a solemn song
and cathedral carillons
humming in a hushed distance.

I hear the shadows
dancing into the afterglow
and the far away whispers
carried on the nightbird's wing
settle into fading corners
and twilit wood.

I can taste the sweetmeats
of the Valley of the shadow
and glimpse faint apparitions
waiting in time
for an open hand
and a cup of faith
to quench their journey.

Blue Angel smiles.
I can sense the half-life
that has become him
and touch the walls of time
that hold him
captive between both worlds.
His back to the light
and face in the shadows,
his song seems to come

from everywhere.

His tongue glides me,
though its message clear
somehow transcends language
and wording as we understand it
and glides thought
from mind to mind
and soul to soul.
A telepathic code
and universal song
so proud and melancholy

Here, between the change of hours,
the space of moments
turning of the day
is revealed all knowledge
of here and hereafter.

Till that era too bright
to see against the light
are seen against
approaching night

and those that hide in shade
while all seeing star is high
come forth and dance
In day's last light
together on the edge of time.
I am the threshold

on which they cross,
a catalyst between two worlds.

In silent awe beside a stream
Blue Angel sings to me
while shadows wither
at my feet
Their touch is haunting still
even as the night reclaims
the souls misplaced in dreaming.



For Dick in His Waning Hours

You shall lie down your flesh with grace
and take up your sword with honour
full knowing what accepting that burden entails,
and you shall want of that path
no more, no less than the humility of its purpose,
the magnitude of its need.
The eloquence of a soul matched
to its true image,
free from the humbling masks of men
that they are not ready to understand...
the true strength-
To be, in form and nothingness
no less than the compassionate and mighty warrior
that you have always been...
Mithell at my side,
The one who watches over mankind,
the who has seen their birth,
and shall attend to their ascension.

And I shall be there beside you,
Family, as we have always been,
my brother, my own
to share in the planting and the harvest.
Only the tender blooms survive.
Those that remember enough
to know how to bend with the winds
and not break in their gales.
Innocence is fleeting.

but wisdom is the gift of innocence remembered-
it need not be maintained,
only nurtured on the thrust of the blade,
ever sweet,
and just as tender as the blossom it assails.

In Kind

The greatest sweetness known to flesh
is the quenching of the heart,
when the slayer of souls runs you through
and rapture tears you apart.

Remember to bestow a kiss
on the one that sets you free.
Remember this, and nothing more,
and I'll remember thee.



Borrow...

is not a silent sound.

It is a noise more boisterous
than a victory dance,
More resonant than
an end-time reverie,
And infinitely more solemn
than Death, itself.
Sorrow is alive,
A grey and forlorn
wandering thing.

An exile from the empty void.
Something that is doomed
to eternal solitude
even in the crowded universe.

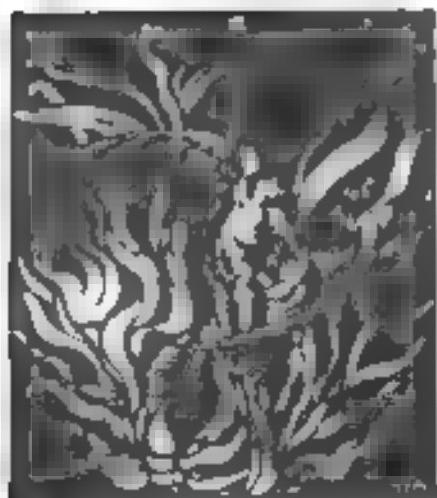
There are stories
the star-gazers tell
of strange lamentations from
the sky.

Echoes heard in the dead of night
by solitary souls
peering through long, metal tubes.

"It all seems so distant,
yet sounds so close."
Anyone who's gazed
at the stars on a long,
quiet night
can hear the call,
A siren beckons

from the vast, jeweled sea.
Its song is haunting
and familiar.

It draws on the soul
like a powerful magnet.
To resist the call is agony..
To acquiesce, is bliss.



The Veil

In everything is sorrow,
pledged like virgins to the beast

Years aloft on golden wings,
each feather falls into the moment,
and Time, so spacious in this pool
becomes eternal when we blink
and everything returns to dust

and dust is what we drink,
comingled with the blood of hope
and tears of joy and mock of love,

the chalice of our heart is filled
with memories and dreams and will
and Purpose, like the new moon wangs
retelling tales of long dead lives,
and some small part inside us shudders

as that point in time arrives.

Deja'vu comes crashing down.

Keep smiling, but don't let on
that this has happened once before.

The tide within begins to swell
and all of time is but a rouse

a lie, a figment of the mind
implanted by a loving hand
and to the rouse, we are consigned.

The gate lies open, the hour sealed
the threshold teems with mist and shades
and as we sleep, they share our dreams
and as we dream, we give them life.

They walk amongst us all our days,
we rarely notice, hardly care.
Their whispers subtle in our ears
like some faroff and distant prayer
spurs us on to seek the Host,
the one who brought us to this place,
this netherworld of here nor there
lies gaping, hungry for our soul.
The mouth of sorrow, poised and moist
awaits the kiss to wake the dream,
so subtle, yet so cold and deep
and ever fleeting it may seem-
The kiss of Death has sealed your lips
with joy that words cannot express,
with sorrow in the trail of tears
painted on your weathered face.
You've danced and laughed and sang and cried
and drowned in tears of many lives,
yet never having truly died.
Each moment falls into the next
like drops of rain into the sea,
our dust upon the earth is sown
in fields along forgotten paths
our seeds lay buried midst the stones
and few will tend the flowers there
nor see them dance, nor hear their song.
Great sweeping wings of sweet despair
unfurl to gather 'neath the stars.
The shades quivering in the mist,
their arms outstretched like blades of light

cup the chalice heart in hand,
thirsty for the glowing tears
that fall like stars from Death's dark eyes.
We walk amongst them all our days
but hardly ever recognize
we shall become what they are now,
the harbingers of lives undone,
the shadows by the wayside cast
are dreams, like feathers we have shed
until our souls can fly no more...
In everything is sorrow tied,
the fabric from our feathers made,
this tapestry of dust and dream
like worn robes on Death's altar laid.

Purpose

With love as your sword
and faith as your shield,
go boldly into the battlefield.

The clarion call
it has been heard
from innocent tongues
saluteth The Word.

Come listen not
with ears and mind,
but with heart and spirit,

Truth defined
is nothing more
than what remains
when life grows silent.
Death approaches.

The Chalice Emptied

Your hollow eyes
reflect many worlds,
deep, dark dimensions
beyond the moment's abyss.

I see
all of time
in their darkness
by the pale glow
of a distant, blue flame.

Eternal bliss
waits on your still lips,
poised for the kiss
that tastes of bitter clay
and sweet cold.

My heart
pressed up
against your decayed breast,
brittle, resonant
like an echo
from the distant void,
skeletal arms carcass,
pulling me closer,
entwining our bones,
fusing our lips,
quenching my heart.

consumed by Death...
My heart,
now silent in this hand-
The last drop of life
falls heavy to the floor.

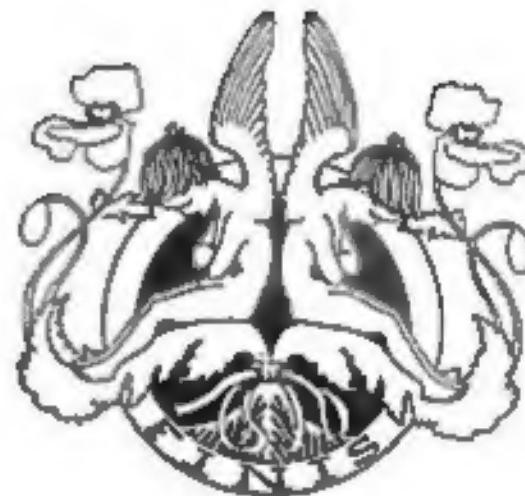


Epitaph

To this Earth, Death, his beloved gave,
whose mantle and chalice fill this grave.
Though the spirit of love not contained
ventures to the river unrestrained.
Ever homeward towards that twilit gloom
to join again with Life's dark groom
and if, "in strange zones even Death may die",
forebode that be, for the lime is nigh!
Look ever towards the western sky
and watch Orion's waking eye
on the city that lies beneath the sea,
when the shadow falls, remember me!

Ripples

Ours is but a gentle fury
Requiring many years
To carry
On the winds of change.
Not in one brief life
Shall we overcome
The paradox
That time creates,
Nor shelter
The sacred lie
That sustains this world.
My life is merely
A stone cast into a lake,
And my words
Shall be like ripples
On the greater ocean.



Other books by the author:

Threshold

Twilight Harvest

Amethyst & Lampblack

Infinite Possibilities

Songs of the Blue Angel

Shadows in the Half-light

Our Name Is Melancholy- The Complete Books of firez!

The Necromantic Ritual Book

End-Time Fragments

Encounters With Death

Love Never Dies- The Journal of a Necrophile

Leilah Wendell is the world's foremost recognized researcher of Death personifications and encounters. Member of the Author's Guild/Author's League of America, and author of 12 books and scores of articles on the subject. She is also a fine artist, sculptor, published poet and proprietor of The Weagale Museum in New Orleans, Louisiana, the first and only gallery devoted exclusively to Necromantic Art & Literature. 2000 celebrates the 21st anniversary of Weagale. Born on Long Island in the state of New York and best known for her 1988 ground-breaking title, "Our Name Is Melancholy- The Complete Books of firez!", and over 25 years of research and documentation via "The firez Project Worldwide", she currently resides in New Orleans, LA. In what is commonly referred to as "The House of Death", Leilah's first literary love has, and continues to be, poetry. "Cros In Exile", what you now hold in your hand, is but a sampling of the hundreds of poems Leilah has written over her lifetime.

\$15.00 US

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Decoromantic Verse



And so shall the litanies of Love & Death be told,
on these pages torn with time, ever brief within your hold.
Savor the moment, for it passes quickly from your eyes,
and everything that ever lived, before you softly dies.

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